

The Tragedy of Hamlet

O a pit of clay for to be made
for such a guest is meet.

Ha. There's another, why may not that be the skull of a Lawier?
where be his quiddities now, his quillities, his cases, his tenures,
and his tricks? why does he suffer this mad knave now to knocke
him about the sconce with a dirty shovell, and will not tell him of
his actions of battery? hum: this fellow might be in's time a great
buyer of land, with his statutes, his recognisances, his fines, his
double vouchers, his recoveries, to have his fine pate full of fine
dirt: will vouchers vouch him no more of his purchases and dou-
bles, than the length and bredth of a paire of Indentures? the ve-
ry conveiances of this land will scarcely lye in this boxe, and must
th'inheritor himselfe have no more? ha?

Hora. Not a jot more my Lord.

Ham. Is not parchment made of sheep-skins?

Hor. I my Lord, and of calve-skins too.

Ham. They are sheep and calves which seeke out assurance in
that. I will speake to this fellow: Whose grave's this firrah?

Clow. Mine fir, or a pit of clay for to be made.

Ham. I thinke it's thine indeed, for thou lye'st in't.

Clow. You lye out on't fir, and therefore 'tis not yours: for my
part I doe not lye in't, yet it is mine.

Ham. Thou dost lye in't, to be in't and say it is'thine, 'tis for the
dead, not for the quicke, therefore thou lye'st.

Clow. 'Tis a quicke lye fir, 'twill againe from me to you.

Ham. What man doest thou digge it for?

Clow. For no man fir.

Ham. What woman then?

Clow. For none neither.

Ham. Who is to be buried in't?

Clow. One that was a woman fir, but rest her soule, shee's dead.

Ham. How absolute the knave is, we must speake by the card, or
equivocation will undo us. By the Lord *Horatio* this 3. yeeres I
have took note of it, the age is grown so picked, that the toe of the
pesant comes so neere the heele of the Courtier, he galls his kibe.
How long hast thou been a Grave-maker?

Clow. Of the dayes i'th yeare I came to't that day that our last
King *Hamlet* overcame *Fortinbrasse*.

Ham.

Prince of Denmarke

Ham. How long is that since

Clow. Cannot you tell that? ev-
very day that young *Hamlet* wa-
into *England*.

Ham. I marry, why was he se

Clow. Why? because a was m
or if a doe not 'tis no great mat

Ham. Why?

Clow. 'Twill not be seen in him

Ham. How came he mad?

Clow. Very strangely they sa

Ham. How strangely?

Clow. Faith een with losing h

Ham. Upon what ground?

Clow. Why here in *Denmar*
and boy thirty yeeres.

Ham. How long will a man ly

Clow. Faith if a be not rotten
pocky coarles that will scarce h
some eight yeere, or nine yeere;

Ham. Why he more than ano

Clow. Why fir his hide is so tar
out water a great while, and y
whorson dead body: here's a sh

Ham. Whose was it?

Clow. A whorson mad fellows i

Ham. Nay I know not.

Clow. A pestilence on him for
Rhenish on my head once; this
skull the Kings Jester.

Ham. This?

Clow. Een that.

Ha. Alas poor *Yoricke*, I knew
jest, of most excellent fancy, he
sand times, and now how abho
gorge rises at it. Here hung tho
how oft: where bee your jibes
your flashes of merriment, tha